

God's enemy' (the Pope, to wit). And many of our readers can recall the rushing soar of oratorical sky-rockets at Newbliss and elsewhere in 1868-69, when the 'loyal' sons of the saffron sash threatened to depose their lawful Queen and 'kick her crown into the Boyne' if she dared to exercise her constitutional right of signing the Bill for the disestablishment of the State Church in Ireland.

These lip-loyalists do not lightly forego the luxury of abusing and threatening their Sovereign when they can find or make the smallest pretext for doing so. In the circumstances we are unable to explain why they have been playing 'possum about King Edward's visit to the 'Man of Sin' and 'the Mistress of Abominations.' Does it portend, on the coming 'glorious twelfth,' a special display of coruscating Catherine-wheels of the sort of rebellious 'loyalty' that has been part and parcel of the society since it began its sanguinary career in far Armagh? Or are the brethren satisfied with having attempted to inflict a vicarious duelling on his Majesty in the person of Sir Edmund Barton, the Commonwealth Premier? Artaxerxes had his offending nobles stripped and their garments soundly whipped. There is the case of a whipping-boy at Westminster School. Charles I had one Murray—a page—as whipping-boy to bear the sins of the courtiers. And it is possible that the brethren may have discovered in Sir Edmund Barton a whipping-boy who should bear vicariously the cat-o'-nine-tails strokes that were intended for the expansive back of royalty. The attempted rib-roasting of Sir Edmund was one of those failures that add to the gaiety of the nations. It took the shape of a petition to the House of Representatives from the brethren in New South Wales—as usual, in the name of 'Protestantism.' The portentous document was presented on June 17 by the Member for Balmain. It uttered a pompous protest against Sir Edmund having visited the Pope, having received a gold medal from him, and having assured his Holiness that 'so long as he remained at the head of the Australian Government, Catholics might rely on receiving a greater share of liberality and benevolence than they enjoy in other parts of the Empire.' This amazing and amusing document concluded by beseeching the House to withhold further honors and dignities from Sir Edmund until the electors of the Commonwealth shall have had an opportunity of voting on the subject. The framers of the 'petition' had not an atom of the 'divine saving grace' of humor, which is the concentrated quintessence of common-sense, and does more than any power on earth to keep people out of scrapes and follies. Max O'Rell (who passed into the Land of the Hereafter a few days ago) expressed the emphatic conviction that this weary old world will approach the millennium when it is governed by people who, like 'Mr. Dooley,' have a strong sense of humor. The Commonwealth House of Representatives, at any rate, had a reasonable measure of its saving grace. They greeted the Orange petition (as the daily papers said) with 'loud laughter and derision.'

A despicable and cowardly attempt was then made to muzzle Sir Edmund Barton. The brother who had introduced the petition rose to a point of order. Cries of 'shame' and 'gag' ran round the House. 'The Speaker,' says the Sydney 'Freeman,' 'allowed the Prime Minister to make a personal explanation, in which he showed that he had over and over again corrected the misstatement attributed to him that Catholics "might expect a greater share of liberality and benevolence from him than they enjoy in other parts of the Empire," and that these corrections were published in the press, and must have been known to the alleged "Protestants" who coined the petition and to Mr. Wilks, their mouthpiece, yet these persons deliberately repeated the falsehood, and brazened it out, until an opportunity was afforded the Federal Parliament of expressing the opinion of the whole of the Free Australian Commonwealth and the citizens thereof, which opinion was cogently expressed in "Loud laughter and derision".'

Persecution does not Pay

One of the characters in Disraeli's 'Vivian Grey' briefly describes the cold douche that cools the war-fever in the veins of the British public. 'There is

nothing,' said he, 'like a fall in consols to bring the blood of our good people of England into cool order.' France is just now painfully learning the same lesson. The war of the enemies of all religion against the Catholic Church in that most misgoverned country has hit the French National Securities hard, and there are signs that the no-Popery fever in the blood of its rulers is losing the worst of its raging heat. The 'Boston Herald,' the New York 'Herald' (European edition), the London 'Statist,' and many other papers have all shown how sharply and persistently the French funds have fallen 'as the direct result of M. Combes' interpretation of the Associations Law.' 'It would be impossible,' says the New York 'Herald,' 'to demonstrate more cruelly that the country has lost all confidence, if it ever had any, in the Combes Ministry.' M. Dolifus, one of the foremost French financiers, spoke as follows on the subject to a 'Herald' representative: 'In proceeding to expel the Congregations in France, M. Combes has proceeded to expel French capital. The exodus of French capital to foreign countries is on a very large scale. . . . If, perhaps, iniquitous and unjust measures taken in regard to religious communities have found Paris indifferent, they have, on the other hand, profoundly troubled the provinces, where the religious spirit reigns much more than in the capital. Having no longer any confidence in a Government capable of committing such acts, all those who have religious faith have transferred to foreign countries their French investments. This is what the Congregations did in the first instance. The result has been a fall of French rentes and a rise of Italian, Spanish, Brazilian, Argentine, and other securities.'

'The policy pursued by the present Ministry,' M. Dolifus added, 'has done incalculable injury to the tangible interests of the country. The law should and must be enforced, I admit, but as M. Lavedan says, "Il y a une maniere." M. Combes' manner in applying the law is the worst that could be devised. It has shocked jurists by its illegality and has outraged the religious sentiments of the people by its brutality and arbitrariness.' The 'Herald' (European edition) concludes its article on the French crisis by stating that the withdrawal of M. Combes into private life 'has become a pressing necessity.'

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL

XII.—THE RED MAN AND HIS WAYS

By the Editor.

My last instalment of travel-talk left me tearing along in the east-bound express from Vancouver. We were in among the clustering mountains and speeding along the valley of the Fraser through the rich, broad river-flats that form the garden of British Columbia. Large rivers, like the Coquitlam and the Pitt, were heading majestically from the deep and winding ravines of the encircling ranges and swelling the broad and lordly volume of the Fraser. But for its alpine background and its swarming ranks of fir and pine, the Fraser valley might almost have been a slice of an English county. The former forest-jungle was almost cleared away. Poplar and broom and other trees and shrubs familiar to the English landscape greeted the eye. Well-kept homes appeared amidst the gay plum-blossoms and the rich green pastures of

Fruit and Milk Ranches,

where the almond-eyed, pig-tailed yellow man from the Far East is the sole 'help' of the white owner. Here and there you whirl past a fruit cannery, a creamery, or a cheese and butter factory, or you stop for a brief space at some 'depot' where brown maple-sugar, in slabs like dates, is conspicuously exposed for sale, and the produce of some neighboring market-garden is neatly packed away in cases and awaiting the arrival of the next freight train to transfer it over the mountains and far away to distant Calgary of the cattle ranches—a journey of six hundred miles through the Rockies. Flat-bottomed steamers were ostentatiously pulling away as they breasted the mighty flow of the Fraser: They were winding their tortuous track to the farming, fruit-raising, saw-milling, shingle-making, and mining towns and villages of the riverside, up to Yale—103 miles by rail from Vancouver—where further navigation is barred by the steep and narrow gorge of the